

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
VOL. XXIII. }

DECEMBER, 1872.

{ NEW SERIES.
VOL. I. NO. 12. }



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

THE GREAT FIRE.

OUR readers have heard all about the great fire in Boston. They know how it burned the long rows of fine granite stores, on street after street, until sixty acres of the business portion of the city were covered with ruins. Property worth seventy millions of dollars was destroyed in less than twenty-four hours.

Hundreds of merchants went home Saturday afternoon from their stores, rich and prosperous, — some of them very rich, — who the next day found themselves stripped of all they possessed. Thousands of men and women and young people, dependent upon their daily labor for support, were suddenly thrown out of employment, and knew not where to look for the means of living.

It was sad, and it is still sad, to think of such great loss of property, and such suffering as it must bring to so many. But it is still more sad to think of the loss of life occasioned by the fire. Several men were crushed by the falling walls, — firemen at the post of duty, and others who were endeavoring to save property. It requires heroes to battle against a raging fire, as it requires heroes in war. The Boston firemen, and those who came to help them from abroad, showed themselves true heroes. They did the work they saw must be done, though in some instances at great cost.

The lesson of the fire is, that no dependence can be placed upon outward possessions. No matter how rich a man may be to-day, to-morrow he may be as poor as the poorest. All that a man can really call his own is what he has in himself, — his reliance on God, his integrity, his knowledge, his energy. Inward possessions fire cannot burn, nor any form of adversity reach.

The merchants of Boston have always had a high reputation for fair and honorable

dealing. The word of most of them has been as good as a bond. It is a bitter experience to a high-toned merchant not to be able to meet his engagements; and that is the experience of many of these merchants now. And here it is their fine traits of character are manifested. They may be obliged to ask some favors, but they will take upon themselves to the utmost all the weight of the great calamity. They are determined to deal honorably with their creditors. Whatever else they sacrifice, they will not sacrifice their integrity.

The young must learn the lesson that this calamity, and all calamities, and all life's experiences teach. Worldly riches are uncertain. The circumstances of life are continually changing. Nothing is real but life itself; and only what makes a part of life can be really owned, and forever kept.

God blesses the soul with true riches, — with faith and trust, with love and hope, with truth and zeal, with patience and endurance. Let the young seek these gifts of God, and make the most of riches or poverty, or whatever may be their outward lot.

EXPLANATORY.

THE readers of the "Dayspring" must excuse the delay in the issue of the present number. It was necessary to give them a titlepage this month for the bound volume. Messrs. Russell & Richardson had designed one, and would have had it ready at the proper time, and also another picture they were making. But they were burned out. It took them some time to find another workshop, and to make all their arrangements so that they could do the work they had agreed to do for their numerous customers.

Of course, the "Dayspring" was sorry for them, and did not find any fault because it

had to wait; nor will its readers, now that they know the reason. As they look at the handsome titlepage, they will say it is worth waiting a good while for. May they all, like the brother and sister there represented, come into the light that gleams from the Holy Book, and find the immortal day of truth and love dawning upon their hearts.

For The Dayspring

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.

In the crowded, busy, wealthy city,
In the city swarming with the poor,
Where the psalm of life is tuned to pity,
Where its discord wails in haunts obscure,

There we see the hungry little creatures, —
We can scarcely call them children, when
Haggard face and pinched, distorted features
Make them like old women and old men.

Yet the children, crawling from the gutter,
Stretch forth grimy hands to beg a flower,
And with earnest voice their thanks will utter.
Blossoms are to them a wealthy dower.

They are smiling while the flowers are blooming;
When they wither, then their hearts are sad:
Cannot you, an angel's task assuming,
Strew their path with flowers to keep them
glad?

Think a moment of your own fair gardens,
Of the home that hailed your happy birth,
Then imagine all the weary burdens
Of these little outcasts of the earth.

You, with mother's loving face above you,
With a father's care to guide and bless,
Think what grief to have no soul to love you,
And only blows instead of sweet caress.

Let me tell you now a simple ditty,
Of a maiden, delicate and young,
Who with speaking tender words of pity
Kept the law of kindness on her tongue.

Home returning from a mission-meeting,
To her holy prompting stanch and true,
She, her father earnestly entreating,
Said, "May children have a mission too?"

"Yes, my daughter;" and the words once spoken
Generous thought not for a moment slept;
And the "Children's Mission" is the token
That God will smile on righteous promise kept.

My tale is told, but for each youthful hearer
I ask that he may choose the better part:
"Pray, children dear, for counsel wiser, clearer,
And find the moral lurking in your heart."

M. C. D. S.

MILTON, Oct. 26.

ENVY.

[ALL of our readers will like the following original fable read at the Unitarian Sunday School Concert at Lancaster, N. H., on Sunday, Oct. 27th. But those of them who have enjoyed the outlook from "Mount Washington," or looked from some lesser height upon his majestic form, will enter into its spirit all the more.]

The little hills once complained of the mountains. Prospect Hill said to the Percy Peaks, "I think Mount Washington is altogether too proud. He lifts his head up above us all and looks down on us with such a haughty air that I think it is really too bad." "Yes," said the Pilot Hills, "and I think those human beings only make him more so who have gone and built an iron road up his sides, and are constantly going to see him as if he were some great body."

Mount Hayes chimed in, "I think that carriage road has done him a great deal of harm in the same way. If Washington were to have some misfortune, in the shape of an earthquake, that should bring him down to the level of common hills, it would do him good. There is altogether too much of conceit in his bald old head." A general murmur was heard among all the little hills until the complaint came to the ears of Mount Washington himself. His great and mighty heart was much troubled, and when there

was silence among the hills he thus addressed them : —

“Mountains, Brothers ! I am deeply pained to hear you speak thus. Bear with me while I attempt to reason with you. True it is that the great Creator has not fashioned us alike. You are not so tall as I, but you may be happier nevertheless. Did you ever reflect that because of my greatness I must live in an atmosphere of eternal cold ? Have you considered that many more human beings come to see you because I am what I am. And many more come to see me because you are what you are ? Do you not see that our interests are mutual ? When men wish to look at me they clamber up your sides. They have built this railway and the carriage road, not that they may come and see me, but to help them take a look at your loveliness. I hold them up, like little children, to take a peep at you.

“And your existence is brighter and happier than mine. The birds stay and sing to you, but do not build their nests on my head. The flowers grow more beautiful with you, and in October when you are still dressed in orange leaves I am dressed in snow.

“My overcoat of ice is not sufficient to keep me warm when the thermometer is at sixty-nine below zero. So I am punished for my greatness. Let us then forget our differences, and each seek to fulfil his own mission while we remain evermore friends and brothers.” At this wise and judicious speech the little hills all broke out in tumultuous applause, and some travellers who were on the road thought they felt an earthquake, others said it thundered, still others hastened onward fearing a storm. But since then the mountains and the little hills have lived together in harmony as one brotherhood, and they never tire of performing graceful courtesies one for another.

This is the reason why visitors from Boston and New York find so much pleasure that they come early and stay late to be made happy by the hospitality of the mountains and little hills.

LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

NOVEMBER 8, 1872.

DEAR DAYSPRING, — I am very much obliged to you for printing all my letter. It seemed very strange to see my name in print, and to think that ever so many little girls would know about our school and our anniversary.

I am afraid it is so long since I heard Mr. Ayers's story that I have forgotten a good deal of it. I know I cannot tell it as well as he did, but I will do as well as I can. It was called

HOW HANS SAW THE KING CROWNED.

Before he told us the story, we repeated after him the verse : “He helps himself best who helps others most.” Then he said : “There were once two boys who lived in Germany : one was named Hans, and the other Fritz. One day there was to be a grand event in the town near where they lived, — the new king was to be crowned. Everybody from far and near flocked to the town, some in wagons, some on horseback, and some on foot. Hans and Fritz were poor boys and had to walk. It was quite a long way, but they were very anxious to see the king crowned, so they started together.

About half way to the town they had to go through a thick piece of woods, quite dark and full of under-brush that made it easy to miss the path and get lost. While they were hurrying along, afraid they might be too late, they heard a noise a little way

off, and stopped a moment to listen. Then it came again. It sounded like a little child crying, and Fritz said, 'Oh, it is nothing but a little girl, let's go along.' But Hans said, 'No, she is crying, and must be lost: let's go and find her, and see where she lives.' Fritz said, 'She'll find her way home, I guess; and I want to see the king crowned. It is a long way, and if we stop to bother with her we will be too late.' Now Hans wanted very much to see the king crowned, too. He had never seen such a thing, and didn't know if he would ever have another chance. While he was thinking about it, the little girl cried again, and he could not bear to leave her; so he told Fritz he should stay and help the little child who was in trouble. Fritz didn't like to go alone, but he was so selfish he couldn't give up the thought of seeing the king crowned; so he left Hans and went on toward the town.

Hans started toward the spot where the cries seemed to come from, and very soon he found the little girl who had lost her way and was crying bitterly. She dried her tears very soon, and felt much better when she found she was not alone. She told Hans how she was playing near the edge of the woods, and thought she would go in a little way. She got turned round some way; and the more she tried to get out, the more she got lost. Hans led her to the path, and they started back toward a house he had passed a little time before, thinking the people there could tell where she lived. They had not gone far when they met the father of the little girl and a number of his neighbors, who were hunting for her. They were delighted to find her again, and were very thankful to Hans. They asked him how he happened to be in the woods. He told them that he was on his way to see the king crowned. They said now that little Lena was found they would go too, and asked him

to go with them in their wagon. So after they had taken Lena home and had a nice lunch, they went by a shorter road to the town and reached it in time to see the crowning. Hans had a grand time. His new friends were very kind to him. After it was all over, they started back, and a little way out they met poor selfish Fritz all dusty and tired, who had lost his way and was too late to see the king crowned."

Mr. Ayers then told us that we would be happier ourselves by trying to make others happy.

I know that is true, only it doesn't always seem to turn out just as it did in the story; but I suppose if we are real good, we will be happier anyway, even if we shouldn't see the king crowned, as Hans did.

I want to tell you how much we like the new lesson-papers. We have had them two Sundays now, and both lessons have been real good.

The first lesson on the "Bible a Book" we enjoyed ever so much. We sang, "Out on an ocean all boundless we ride," just before the lesson, and then Mr. Davis talked to us, and told us that what the compass was to the ship on the ocean the Bible was to us all. God spoke to us in our consciences and through nature, but nowhere so clearly as in the Bible. That tells us what is right just as the needle of the compass tells us which way is north.

He said once he was a sailor, and was at the wheel in a stormy night, when all at once the light in the binnacle went out. He could not see the compass, and could only tell how to steer by the wind. He shouted, but no one could hear him. It was terrible to be all in the dark, and not knowing whether he was going the right way. So it would be, without the Bible to tell us when we were right. How thankful he was when, after a while, some one came and lit the lamp for

him, and he could see in what direction he was steering.

I am afraid my letter is too long, so I will say good-by. Yours truly,

SUSIE.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

There's a song in the air!

There's a star in the sky!

There's a mother's deep prayer,

And a baby's low cry!

And the star rains its fire while the shining ones sing,

For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

There's a tumult of joy

O'er the wonderful birth,

For the Virgin's sweet boy

Is the Lord of the earth.

Ay! the star rains its fire, and the shining ones sing,

For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

In the light of that star

Lie the ages impearled;

And that song from afar

Has swept over the world.

Every hearth is aflame, and the shining ones sing,

In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is King!

We rejoice in the light,

And we echo the song

That comes down through the night

From the heavenly throng.

Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,

And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King!

Scribner's Monthly.

CLARA'S TRY COMPANY.

Did you ever hear of Clara's Try Company? It meets every Saturday afternoon from three to four o'clock in the back parlor of the chapel. Six boys and six girls are all that are allowed to belong to it. They choose their own officers once a month, and conduct business just as the men do. First they recite in turn, the seven declarations that they will try to love and serve God, to

have the spirit of Christ, to make home happy, to be attentive at church and school, to lead a heavenly life, to be friendly unto all, and to keep from all unhealthy habits.

Then their physical exercises begin, each one measuring his strength on strap of india rubber prepared with handles for the purpose; and afterwards the mental exercises, consisting of recitations from memory; and last and best of all, they go through with the spiritual exercises, the object being to make them healthier, wiser, and better children. They are familiar with the names of the eight virtues of reverence and self-denial, justice, truth, and love, purity, patience, and progress; and keep record books, through the week to examine themselves every night in regard to fidelity to the conditions of health, wisdom, and goodness, and report to their director at every meeting.

The object of restricting their number to twelve, is, to have the company small enough to feel at home, and also to be sure and have none belong to it that are not attracted by its spirit and methods; but the public may witness its proceedings once a month, and thus have an idea of how they spend their time, and how they enjoy Clara's Try Company.

U. W.

A BRIGHT PAINTER. — A gentleman, having built a fine house, resolved to have the staircase adorned with a scriptural subject, and chose the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites. The painter who was employed painted the wall with red paint from top to bottom. When the painter had finished, he called his employer to see the work. "Why," said the gentleman, "where are the Israelites?" "They have gone over," replied the painter. "But where are the Egyptians, then?" "The Egyptians? why, they are drowned."



CARRYING CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Do you like the picture of "Christmas Morning"? Of course you do. That little girl and boy are having the good time that all the little readers of the "Dayspring" are going to have when Christmas morning comes.

There are about three thousand of you little readers. How happy you will all be! The boys will be jolly, and almost wild in their fun; and the girls just as happy, but not so noisy.

Santa Claus will be around everywhere, the night before. He knows all the houses where there are children, and he is too clever an old fellow to skip even one. To the good little boys and girls he will say: "You are the boys and girls for me! It does old Santa's heart good to leave you the pretty things you deserve! Sleep on! How your eyes will shine in the morning!" To the naughty ones he will say: "You do not know how your bad conduct grieves your old friend Santa! But he loves you still, and wants you to be good. He leaves you nice things to tell you of his love, and he hopes they will make you better boys and girls."

The "Dayspring" likes all its little readers very much, and here makes out a list of things for Santa

Claus to get and distribute among them:

One thousand dolls, — the best behaved that can be found in the market;

Nine hundred and seven Noah's arks, — not the kind stuffed with paper, but full of all kinds of animals;

Eleven hundred and thirteen trumpets, trombones, harmonicons, jew's-harps, &c., — all warranted to make a good deal of noise;

Nine hundred and three drums, — the regular rub-a-dub kind, so that the first tap will wake up everybody in the house;

Seventy-nine knives with two blades, and ninety-seven knives with one blade, — these are for the boys whose mothers are sure they will not cry when they cut their fingers;

One hundred and forty-seven baby-houses, well furnished, containing all the apartments to be found in first-class establishments (These are not for the boys.);

Three hundred and sixty-five jumping-jacks, two hundred and five clog-dancers, and seven hundred and three other articles of a like funny sort, which, all together, will produce a great amount of laughter;

Five hundred and six tea-sets; nine hundred and one villages; four hundred and sixty-one companies of soldiers, and two thousand two hun-

dred and nineteen different kinds of toys,—such as girls and boys are sure to want;

One hundred carriages, locomotives with trains of cars, steamboats, row-boats, that you wind up and set agoing, and they will go till they stop;

One ton of the sweetest candy,—all made of pure sugar, the kind that melts very quickly in little mouths;

Forty bushels of the best kinds of nuts (not to be cracked with the teeth), and very large quantities of figs, raisins, grapes, oranges, big apples, &c.;

Five thousand nice books and pictures (among them the “Day-spring” in a handsome jacket);

Besides all these things, Santa will add ever so many others of his own choosing. He does not like to have every thing picked out for him, because he wants the fun of picking out things himself. He has had so much experience, he thinks he knows what boys and girls want, better than anybody can tell him.

Poor Santa! What a load he will have to carry, that children everywhere may be made happy! But never mind: he likes it. He would not care if there were forty times as many children, and he had to carry forty times as much.

Each boy or girl must expect only one, two, or three presents. Santa cannot, in many cases, be as liberal as he would like. There are so many children, and so little money. But he will do his best; and there will be, on Christmas morning, ever so many happy pictures like the one in the “Day-spring.”

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

THE wise men, when they saw the Bethlehem child, gave him gold and frankincense and myrrh.

The custom of giving is a most beautiful feature of our mode of keeping Christmas,—giving, from the youngest to the oldest.

Where there is giving, there must be receiving; but, somehow, the greater joy seems to be in the giving. Look at a little child pulling out the pretty gifts mysteriously hid away in his stocking! Can there be a more delightful picture of real joy? Yes; look in the mother's, father's, brother's, sister's heart, and there you will see a deeper delight. They have planned this little surprise, have been happy in planning it, and now their happiness culminates in the pleasure they have given.

It is sweet to be remembered, but even sweeter to remember others. Children can, and do, learn this very early. The brightest part of Christmas to them is not in what they receive, but in the happiness they give to others.

Look at the little girl in the picture, “Carrying Christmas Gifts.” Was she happier in the nice things she received than she is in carrying something of her own and mother's store of good things to a poor sick neighbor? We have known a boy, in one of his happiest

days, to feel that the best thing of the day was the pleasure he gave a sick friend by a kind remembrance.

Keep Christmas, then, by giving. Make everybody within your reach happy. Remember especially the poor, the sick, the neglected. Give help, kind words, whatever else you can, — and all in love. And thus may you have a "Merry Christmas," through helping others to have a merrier Christmas than they otherwise would.

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING.

HANG up the baby's stocking:
Be sure you don't forget!
The dear little dimpled darling, —
She ne'er saw Christmas yet!
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes;
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christmas,
It will never do at all:
Why Santa wouldn't be looking
For any thing half so small!

I know what we'll do for the baby,
I've thought of the very best plan:
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here, in the corner, — so;
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write: "This is the baby's stocking,
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year.

But she's just the blessedest baby! —
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."
Little Corporal.

BOOK NOTICES.

APPLES OF GOLD. This is the first volume of an illustrated weekly for youngest readers, published by the American Tract Society. It will please them very much.

SUNDAY CHATS FOR SENSIBLE CHILDREN. Lee & Shepard have this. Sensible children will be sure to like it, — which is the same as saying that all children will like it. It is fully illustrated, and gives a great deal of information in an interesting form.

DICK TRAVERS ABROAD. From the same publishers. Four handsome little volumes, in a neat box: "Palm Lands," "The Lost Tar," "On the Wave," and "Little Cricket." Our young book-critic devoured them very quickly, and gives them his emphatic indorsement.

LITTLE CANARY SERIES. These, too, from Lee & Shepard. Four just as handsome volumes, in a very pretty box: "Little Canary's Daisy," "Little Canary," "Cousin Eugene," and "Black Cato." The above critic does not speak so highly of these stories. He says they are for small children, and he does not like so well to read them. But the trouble is that our critic is a boy. The little girls will think as much of "Little Canary" as he did of "Dick Travers."

"No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth."

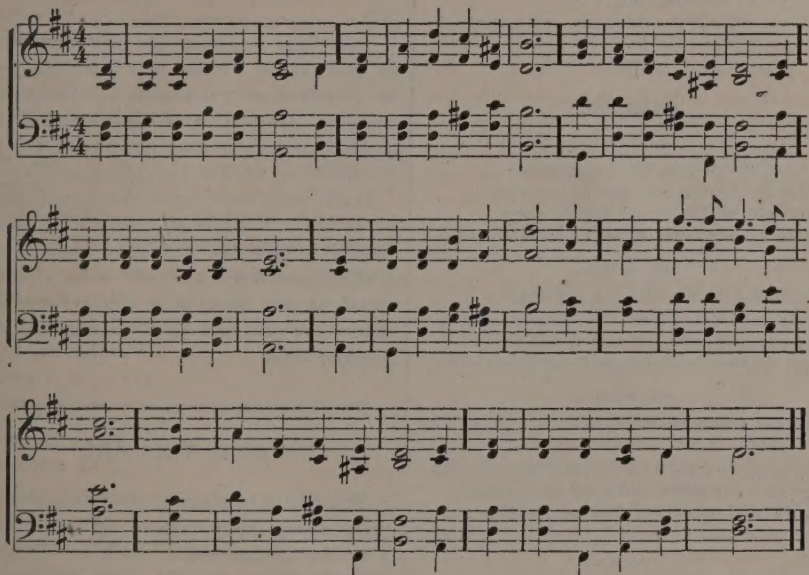
Bacon.

"Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well."

Charles Dickens.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

EPISCOPAL S. S. HYMNAL.



"Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

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| <p>1 JERUSALEM the golden,
 With milk and honey blest;
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.
 I know not, oh, I know not
 What joys await us there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.</p> | <p>3 There is the throne of David;
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast;
 And they, who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white.</p> |
| <p>2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.</p> | <p>4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Father, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest,
 With thee and Christ our Saviour,
 To be forever blest.</p> |

Puzzles.

19.

CHARADE.

MY FIRST.

I am up with the sun, full as early as he,
And follow him over the land and the sea;
I live in his smiles, yet am often in tears;
And new every morn, yet can't number my years.

MY SECOND.

I come, and the rivulets silent and white
At my smile wake to music and dance with delight;
I kiss the cold earth, and soon at your feet
Bright blossoms spring up, fair, lovely, and sweet.

MY WHOLE.

I'm your very good friend, children, steadfast and true;

You are sure of my love, I feel sure of yours too;
You know me so well, quick tell me my name,
Or *I'll tell it myself*, and then cry your shame.

F. B. T.

20.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in morn, but never in night;
My second in eye, though never in sight,
My third is in girl, though by no means in boy;
My fourth is in tears, and of course not in joy;
My fifth is in gray, but never in blue;
My sixth is in grace, and in mercy too;
My seventh in home, but never in street;
My eighth is in sour, not ever in sweet;
My ninth is in sing, but never in song;
My tenth is in mass, but never in throng;
My eleventh in foot, is never in hand;
My twelfth is in humble, never in grand;
My thirteenth in part, is never in whole;
My fourteenth in slide, though never in roll;
My whole to the guessers, however small;
And more, here see, " ——— to all."

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE.

18. — Thanksgiving.

THE DAYSPRING.

THIS little magazine has now completed its first volume. It has very much enjoyed the friendship and companionship of its many readers. How much it has pleased them and helped them it does not know; but it has tried very hard to both please and help.

It will soon enter upon the second year of its life. It wants to keep all the dear friends it now has, and gain many more besides; and it will try itself to be a truer friend to all. May be it will get a little nearer the sun, and reflect a warmer and brighter light.

BOUND VOLUMES.

THE twelve numbers of the "Dayspring" make a very pretty volume. We have had a handsome cover made, which we will send by mail, postage prepaid, upon the receipt of *thirty-five cents*. Any bookbinder will put it on at small expense.

If numbers are sent to this office, we will get them bound for *fifty cents* a volume. If they are sent by mail, the postage, *five cents* for the twelve numbers, must be prepaid. The postage upon the bound volume will be *sixteen or twenty cents*. We cannot tell yet just what the weight will be.

In order to accommodate our distant young friends, if, with their numbers, each will remit us *sixty cents*, we will return the bound volumes to them, postage prepaid.

Direct to the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 42 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass. Be sure to give your full address, that the volume may be sure to reach you.

We have for sale a few bound volumes at *one dollar* each. They will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, upon receipt of price.